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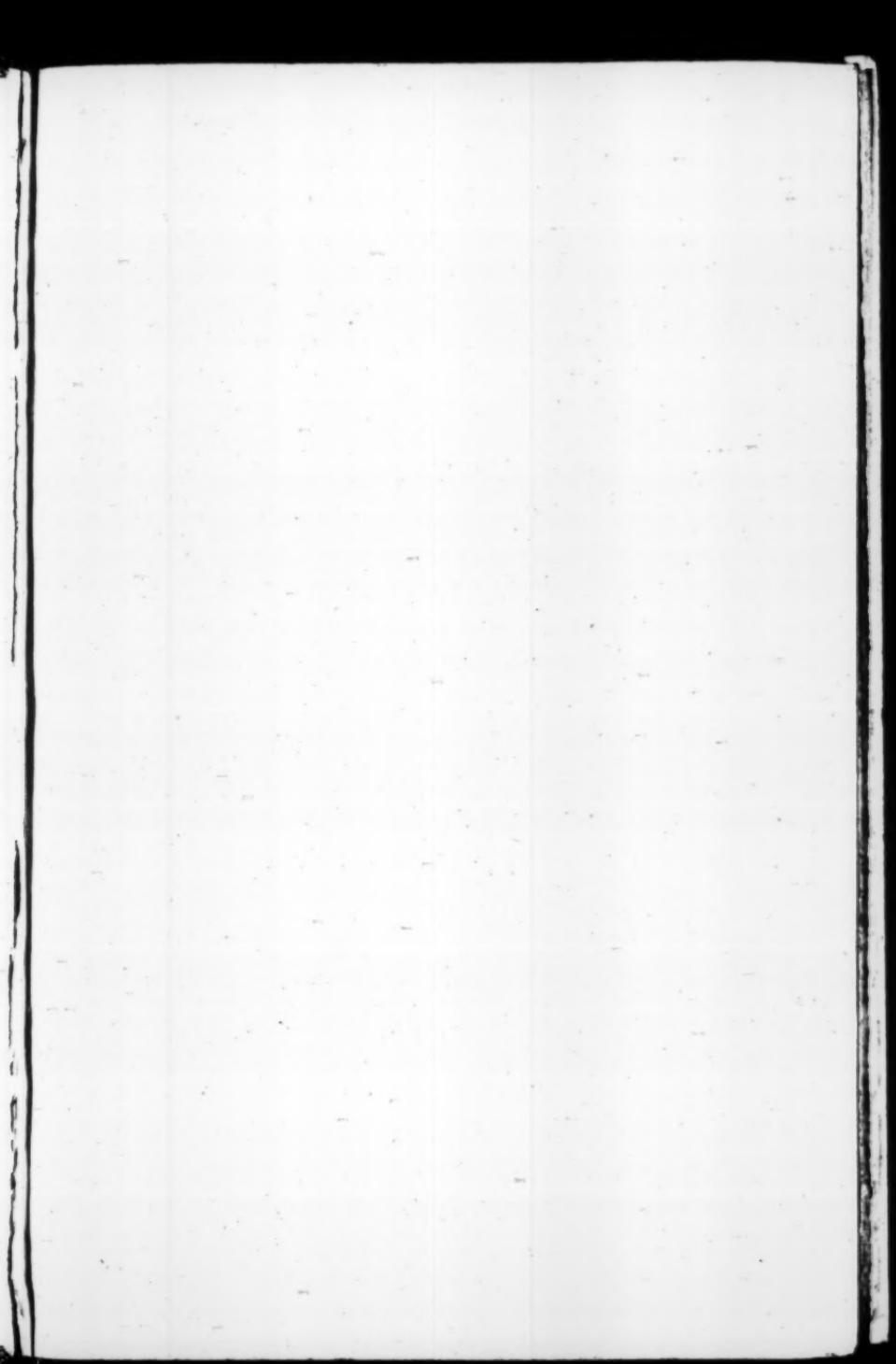
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THE
Life and Death of
R O S A M O N D,
King *Henry* the Second's
CONCUBINE.

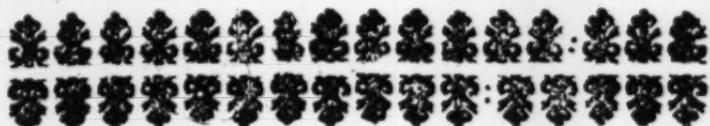
And how she was Poyfoned to Death
by Queen *Elenor*.



Printed for *F. Coles, T. Vere, and T. Wright*.

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CHAP. I.

The Birth, Behaviour, and Linage of Lady *Rosamond.*

There Sprang from that Antient and Noble House of the Cliffords, a beautiful Damosel, named Rosamond, daughter to the Lord Walter Clifford : her Incomparable beauty was couched in her name : she was natures Master-piece, and one of the fairest Roses that ever flourished in the Garden of the earth. This fair Lady as she grew in years, so did she grow in favour, each year adding a moiety to her perfection, who having attained some ripeness of years, her beauty was the whole discourse of the Country and City ; Fame did carry the name of Rosamond upon her nimble wings into many forraign places, whereby she was not

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onely the publique and common discourse of our English nation, but even the table-talk of remote Countries, and forreign people. Her modesty was such, that she sought by all means to allay that far spred rumour of her beauty, by a retired life; but the moze she thought to extinguish and quench that report, by sequestring her self from the eyes of men, the moze she was spoken of, and the farther was her prasses blown; at length her name began to bloom in Court, insomuch that there was scarce any Courtier that did not echo forth her praises. She was so honoured among the attendants of the King, that whatsoever subject they talked of, and in what praise so ever they delivered it, they thought their discourse not full, except the closure of it was still of Rosamond: so that Rosamonds beauty, which was heretofoze but Chamber talk in the Court, and was but privately whispered in peoples ears, now began to be noon-day talk, and openly spoken of, insomuch that the King took no rice of her unseen, though not unheard of beauty, being desirous to behold that creature, whose unlimited and sounded praises the whole worl'd rung of.

Chap.

of the Lady Rosamond.

C H A P. II.

How King Henry the Second hearing of Rosomonds beauty , could not rest until he had seen her , and obtained her love.

The Kings unquiet thoughts would not suffer him to rest, till he had been made an eye-witness of Rosamonds beauty : after some time passed , he beheld her whole countenance he had so long desired to see: and casting his eyes upon her incomparable favour , he perceived that those Encomiums which in his hearing had been bestowed on her , were but as the gloomy morning to the lightsom day , and came as far short of expressing her comeliness , as the sable night doth the glorious noon-tide , or þ blackish smoak to þ glittering flame : neither could he be satisfied only with the view of this beautiful creature , but still his boylng brest was vexed with unlawfull and unbeseeming thoughts : desiring that there might be some nearer familiarity and acquaintance between them : his thoughts slept not long , but many snares were by him laid to intrap her , and many

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forts erected to barter her unstained purity : many persons did he set a work, soliciting her to yield to his unchaste desires ; which solicitations were as darts cast against a brazen wall, and could not enter ; which when the King perceived, the next opportunity that presented her unto his view, he delivers his mind to her himself, manifesting his love to her, refusing all denials, and with gracious promises, and inticing speeches, left her not till he had gotten her favor, and made her promise to fulfil his will.

CHAP. III.

The King hearing of Queen Elenors Jealousie, builded a Bower for Rosamond in Woodstock.

After the King had for some time enjoyed the company of his late gained Lady, Elenor his Queen hearing that her Lord did too to much frequent the company of his loose Damosel, and perceiving his affection to be altered & estranged from her, that was his lawful Queen, and to be fixed on the beauty of another, used all the means that a womans wit, sharpened with malice could invent, to

unty

unto the fast knit bands of their affections; which malice of the Queen towards this Lady, the King soon perceived, and fearing that which afterwards hapned, lest his dear Rose should come to any untimely death, erected for her Labyrinth, within his own Palace at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, a place under ground so curiously wrought; having many turnings windings and doors belonging to it, that it was impossible, being once entred, to find the way out of it, without the guidance of a clew of thred. The charge of this place wherein this Paramour was inclosed, he committed to Sir Thomas Vaughan Knight, his sure & trusty friend.

CHAP. 4.

While the King was in France, Rosamond was poysoned by Queen Elenor.

ALL this while the Queens malice was kindled, but now it began to shew it self, and break into flames, she had as many windows, and devices in her heart to procure the overthrow and destruction of Rosamond, as Woodstocks Bower for her safety, which devices are

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all set going ; and the better to affect and bring this plot to pass, she sets the Son against the sire , who by her means and instigation , raised an army against him, intending to pull the Diadem from his fathers Head. Whilst the King is forced by his Rebellious Son, to hast to Normandy, and to absent himself from the company of his Rosamond. His Queen posts to Woodstock , and beholding the Bower where-

of the Lady Rosamond.

wherein Rosamond was kept, assayed to enter : and having beforehand received some notice of the clew of thread, takes it in her hand, and by its guidance is directed to the center of the Labyrinth, where she found Rosamond sitting as the Sun within that little World. Fair Rosamond, when she beheld the gasty visage and meagre countenance of the jealous Queen, confess her fault, and craved pardon for her offences : But all in vain, for nothing could appease her fury, nor quench her thirst, but the blood of Rosamond, who was by her in that place deprived of life by a Cup of Poyson, for depriving her of the favour of her King. She was buried at Godstow in Oxfordshire, where she had a stately monument raised, with this following Epitaph on it, which was demolished by a certain Bishop of that Diocese, not thinking it fit so ill a liver should have so fair a Tomb in so sacred a place.

Her



Her Epitaph.

THe Rose of the World,
But not the clean Flower,
Is here now graven,
To whom beauty was lent,
In this Grave full sure,
Now is her Bower,
Thus by her life was
Sweet and Redolent.
But now that she is
From her life blent,
Though she were sweet,
Now fowly doth she stink ;
A Mirrour good, for all
That on her think.

A

A Mournful

DITTY

Of the Fair Lady

*Rosamond; King Henry the
Seconds, Concubine;*

Who was Poysoned to death by Q. *Elenor*,
in *Woodstock Bower, neer Oxford.*



Vhen as K. Henry rul'd this land,
the second of that name;
Besides

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Besides the Queen he dearly lob'd,
a fair and Princely Dame :
Most peerless was her beauty found,
her favour and her face,
A sweeter creature in the world
did never Prince imbrace.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,
appear'd to each man's sight,
Her comely eyes like orient Pearls
did cast a heavenly light :
The blood within her chrystral cheeks,
did such a colour drive,
As if the Lilly and the Rose
for Master ship did strive.

Yea, Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
her name was called so,
To whom Dame Elenor our Queen,
was known a mortal foe :
The King therefore for her defence
against this furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a Bower
the like was never seen.

Most curiously this Bower was built,
of stone and timber strong,

An

of the Lady Rosamond.

An hundred and fifty doo:rs,
did to this Bower belong :
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
with turnings round about,
That none but with a Clew of Thread,
could enter in or out.

And for his Love and Ladies sake,
that was so fair and bright,
The keeping of that Bower he gave,
unto a worthy Knight :
But fortune that doth often frown,
where she before did smile,
The Kings delight, and Ladies joy,
full soon she did beguile.

For why, the Kings ungracious Son,
whom he did high advance,
Against his Father raised Wars,
within the Realm of France.
And yet before our comely King,
the English Land forsook,
Of Rosamond his Lady fair,
his last farewell he took.

O Rosamond the onely Rose
that pleasest best mine ey'e,

The

of the Lady Rosamond.

The fairest Rose in all the world,
to feed my fantasie :
The flower of my affected heart,
whose sweetnes doth excell,
My Royal Rose a thousand times,
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leave my famous flower,
my sweetest rose a space,
And cross the Seas to famous France,
proud Rebels to abase :
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt
my comming shortly see,
And in my heart while hence I am,
I'll bear my Rose with me.

When Rosamond the Lady fair,
did hear the King say so,
The sorrows of her grieved heart,
her outward looks did show :
And from her clear and chyystal eyes,
the tears gusht out apace,
Which like the silver pearled dew,
ran down her comely face.

Her lips like to the Corral red,
did wax both wan and pale,

And

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And for the sorrow she conceiv'd,
her vital spirits did fail :
And falling down all in a swound,
before King Henry's face,
full oft within his princely arms,
her body did embrace.

And twenty times with watry eyes,
he kiss her tender Cheek,
Until he had receiv'd again,
her senses mild and meek :
Why grieves my Rose my sweetest Rose
the King did often say,
Because, quoth she, to bloody Wars,
my Lord must part away.

But with your Grace in forreign Coasts
amongst your foes unknd,
Must go to hazard life and limb,
why should I stay behind ?
May rather let me like a Page,
your sword and target bear,
That on my Breast, the blow may light,
that should offend you there.

O let me in your Royal tent,
prepare your bed at night,

And

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And with sweet paths refresh your grace,
at your return from fight :
So I your presence may enjoy,
no toy I will refuse,
But wanting you my life is death
which doth true love abyse.

Content thy self my dearest love,
thy rest at home shall be,
In Englands sweet and pleasant soyl,
for travell fits not thee :
Fair Ladies brook no bloody Wars,
sweet peace their pleasare breed,
The nourisher of hearts content,
whitch fancy first did feed.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstock Bower
with Musick sweet delight,
While I among the piercing Pikes,
against my foes do fight :
My Rose in Robes of Pearl and Gold,
with Diamonds richly dight,
Shall dance the Galliard of my love
while I my foes do smite.

And you sir Thomas whom I trust,
to be my loves defence,

Be

of the Lady Rosamond.

We careful of my Royal Rose,
When I am parted hence :
And therewithal he fetcht a sigh,
as though his heart wou'd break,
And Rosamond for very grief,
not one plain word could speak.



B

And

The Life and Death

And at their parting well they might
in heart be grieved sore,
After that day, fair Rosamond
the King did see no more :
And when his Grace had past the Seas,
and into France was gone,
Queen Elenor with envious heart,
to Woodstock come anon.

And forth she cal'd this trusty Knight,
who kept this curious Bower,
Who with thistlew of twined thread
came from this famous flower :
And when that they had wounded him,
the Queen this thread did get,
And went where Lady Rosamond
was like an Angel set.

But when the Queen with stedfast eyes,
beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her mind,
at her exceeding grace :
Cast off thy Rob's from thee she said
that rich and costly be,
And drink thou up this deadly draught,
which I have brought for thee.

But

of the Lady Rosamond.

But presently upon her knee,
sweet Rosamond did fall,
And pardon of the Queen she crav'd,
for her offences all :
Take pity on my youthful years
fair Rosamond did cry,
And let me not with poison strong,
enforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinful life
and in a Cloyster bide,
Or else be banisht if you please
to range the world so wide :
And for that fault which I have done,
though I was forc'd thereto,
Preserve my life and punish me,
as you think good to do.

And with these words her lilly hands
she wrung full often there,
And down a long her comely face,
proceeded many a tear :
But nothing could this furious Queen,
therewith appeased be,
The cup of deadly poison fill'd,
as she sat on her knee.

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She gave that comely Dame to drinke,
Who took it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:
And casting up her eyes to Heaven,
She did for mercy call,
And drinking up the poyson strong,
Her life she lost withal.

And when that death through every limb
had done her greatest spight,
Her chiefeſt foes did plaine confess
She was a gloriouſ wight;
Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Woodſtock neer to Oxford Town,
as may be ſeen this day.



CHAP.

of the Lady Rosamond.



C H A P. V.

The Conclusion.



Thus you may see the fickle and un-
constant state of those that are in-
habitants

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habitants, in this unsetled Decayed world, though they are received into the favour of Princes, and are made companions with them in Nightly Sleeps; yet all this is presently forgotten, and when once their frail and mortal bodies fall upon the Earth, all their pomp and Honour perisheth, and is buried with them. Rosamond she that was so highly exalted in her Princes favour, one small drop of poison lays her as low as the Earth, and she that was the onely Flower and Rose to please and delight the smell of a King, in comparison of whom, his rich Demanders and costly Odours were unsavoury; yet now of her remains nothing good, only an ill and noysome odour to all posterity, according unto her Epitaph which was Ingraven on her Tomb at Godstow, where she was most sumptuously Interred.

F I N I S.

